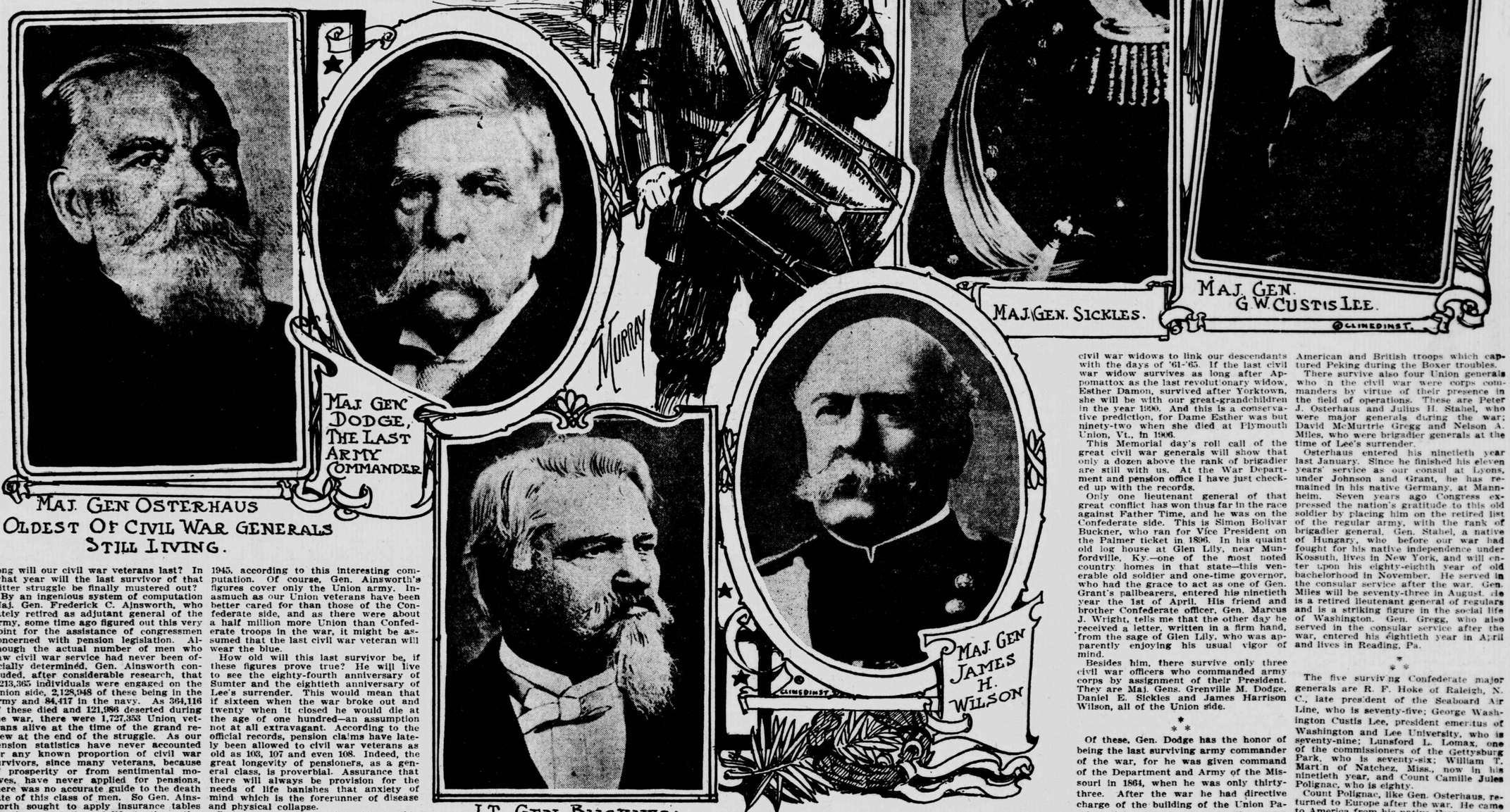
ROLL CALL OF MEMORIAL DAY WILL SHOW SEVEN CIVIL WAR VETERANS DIE EACH HOUR



ONLY One Army Commander and Four Corps Commanders Left—More Than Three-fourths of Boys of '61-'65 Have Now Answered Last Roll Call—Nearly 2,700,000 Graves to be Decorated This Year By Only 850,000 Comrades of Both Sides—Official Estimate as to When Last Survivor of Great War Will Pass—If Revolutionary Record Is Paralleled Our Last Civil War Soldier Will See the Centennial of Appomattox, in 1965, And the Last Civil War Widow Will Survive Till 1990—This Year's Roll Call of the Great Civil War Generals—How They Are Now Faring in the Century Run Against Father Time.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

THIS Memorial day's roll call will show that more than three-fourths of the civil war's Blue and Gray braves have gone beyond.

They tell me at the pension office that our Union veterans are now dying off at the rate of 100 a day. As deduced from the best figures procurable the death rate of our Confederate veterans must be about seventy a day. This means a grand total of more than seven per hour—more than one every ten minutes.

In the vast cities of graves to be decorated this year, those of our civil war soldiers and sailors alone number 2,685,000. If dug side by side they would constitute a great metropolis of the dead more populous than Chicago, Berlin or Vienna. Of these graves, some 2,020,000 have been dug since the surrender of Appomattox.

* * *

To help lay wreaths upon these millions of comrades' tombs there will be surviving on Memorial day, this year, but about 850,000 civil war veterans—some 60,000 less than could pay this tribute a year ago. And of these about 500,000 are Union and about 350,000 are Confederate veterans. The average age of these survivors is now past the seventy-year mark, and the grim reaper is exacting interest from the veteran armies at an annual rate which has gone above 6 per cent. During the past spring the death rate of our Union pensioners alone has risen close to 3,200 in a single month (March), for spring is always the hardest month on people of advanced years—even harder than winter. Midsummer, too, exacts a heavy tribute from this class, more than 3,100 pensioned survivors of the Union army having answered their last roll call in August of the past year, whereas the monthly average of their deaths for the months of last autumn was scarcely above 2,500, from which there was a steady increase through last winter and this spring.

Diminished by such a death rate, how long will our civil war veterans last? In what year will the last survivor of that bitter struggle be finally mustered out?

By an ingenious system of computation Maj. Gen. Frederick C. Ainsworth, who lately retired as adjutant general of the army, some time ago figured out this very point for the assistance of congressmen concerned with pension legislation. Although the actual number of men who saw civil war service had never been officially determined, Gen. Ainsworth concluded, after considerable research, that 2,213,365 individuals were engaged on the Union side, 2,128,948 of these being in the army and 84,417 in the navy. As 364,116 of these died and 121,986 deserted during the war, there were 1,727,353 Union veterans alive at the time of the grand review at the end of the struggle. As our pension statistics have never accounted for any known proportion of civil war survivors, since many veterans, because of prosperity or from sentimental motives, have never applied for pensions, there was no accurate guide to the death rate of this class of men. So Gen. Ainsworth sought to apply insurance tables for the expectation of life to the entire class of survivors.

* * *

Two questions now had to be considered by the general: Would the shock of battle, the hardships and privations of field, camp and prison bring the "expectation of life" for these veterans below the average? Or were these survivors a selected class, which by the law of the survival of the fittest might expect a life above the average for duration? The general split the difference and determined that the probable average duration of life was about the same for veterans and non-veterans alike. So he applied his tables and determined that there will be 429,727 Union veterans left in 1915, 251,727 in 1920, 116,073 in 1925, 37,033 in 1930, 6,296 in 1935 and only 340 in 1940.

The last civil war veteran will die in 1945, according to this interesting computation. Of course, Gen. Ainsworth's figures cover only the Union army. Inasmuch as our Union veterans have been better cared for than those of the Confederate side, and as there were about a half million more Union than Confederate troops in the war, it might be assumed that the last civil war veteran will wear the blue.

How old will this last survivor be, if these figures prove true? He will live to see the eighty-fourth anniversary of Sumter and the eightieth anniversary of Lee's surrender. This would mean that if sixteen when the war broke out and twenty when it closed he would die at the age of one hundred—an assumption not at all extravagant. According to the official records, pension claims have lately been allowed to civil war veterans as old as 103, 107 and even 108. Indeed, the great longevity of pensioners, as a general class, is proverbial. Assurance that there will always be provision for the needs of life banishes that anxiety of mind which is the forerunner of disease and physical collapse.

So it may be said that Gen. Ainsworth's figures are conservative, to say the least. Many survivors of the civil war were boys of only sixteen, and even younger, in the last year of that struggle. In 1945 such of these as survive will be ninety-six. Such as reach their hundredth birthdays will live until 1949 and there is good reason for the prediction that there will be some with us in 1950.

* * *

The last surviving pensioner of the war of 1812, Hiram Cronk of Ava, N. Y., died as late as May 13, 1905, at the age of 105 years and 16 days, according to the pension rolls. If his record is equaled by any of the younger veterans who enlisted in the war of secession at sixteen, during the last year of that struggle, we will have a civil war veteran with us in the flesh forty-two years hence, or as late as the year 1954. But Hiram Cronk, that last honored soldier of the second war with Great Britain, did not hold the longevity record among our pensioners. There was one other who beat him hands down.

The last survivor of the revolution, Daniel F. Bakeman, according to the pension records, died at Freedom, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., as late as April 5, 1869, at the age of 109 years, 6 months and 8 days. He was a youth of sixteen when independence was declared, was twenty-two when Cornwallis surrendered and he lived to see the war of 1812, the Mexican and civil wars fought to a finish, the administration of Andrew Johnson brought to a close and that of Grant commenced.

As stated, many boys far under sixteen served in the civil war and many of these entered during the last months of that struggle. I have before me an unofficial table showing that those of sixteen and under who enlisted numbered 844,801; those of fourteen and under, 1,523; twelve and under, 223; and ten and under, 25.

Some of these twenty-five youngest lads, mostly drummer boys, entered the service during the last year of the war. If any of them, of this category, equals the record of the last revolutionary soldier, we will still have a civil war veteran left fifty-two, fifty-three or perhaps fifty-four years hence, or, say about the year 1965-1966, at the time the coming generation is celebrating the 100th anniversary of the return of peace, after Lee's surrender! Gen. Ainsworth's figures are of the safe kind that life insurance companies gamble on and he was dealing only with the average man, while we have been speculating upon the exceptional man. And out of the 3,500,000 individuals who saw service in the civil war some are very exceptionable men. So, taking all things into consideration, it is not unreasonable to assume that America will have a civil war veteran to honor when mere boys of today are grizzled old fellows that see Taft and Roosevelt, Clark and Wilson and the others as far back through the haze of time as our sages of today now see the actors of the great civil war drama.

* * *

What a funeral that will be, when the last survivor of the civil war answers his last roll call—whether he be buried in the uniform of the blue or of the gray! Very few of us now of mature years will live to see the spectacle. The century run for this last signal honor will be spirited. Hundreds of old codgers will be in the running and as they fall by the wayside, one by one, the whole nation will look on, agape, to see who gets the laurel wreath.

But after this last survivor has passed, we will still have several generations of civil war widows to link our descendants with the days of '61-'65. If the last civil war widow survives as long after Appomattox as the last revolutionary widow, Esther Damon, survived after Yorktown, she will be with our great-grandchildren in the year 1990. And this is a conservative prediction, for Dame Esther was but ninety-two when she died at Plymouth Union, Vt., in 1906.

This Memorial day's roll call of the great civil war generals will show that only a dozen above the rank of brigadier are still with us. At the War Department and pension office I have just checked up with the records.

Only one lieutenant general of that great conflict has won thus far in the race against Father Time, and he was on the Confederate side. This is Simon Bolivar Buckner, who ran for Vice President on the Palmer ticket in 1896. In his quaint old log house at Glen Lily, near Munfordville, Ky.—one of the most noted country homes in that state—this venerable old soldier and one-time governor, who had the grace to act as one of Gen. Grant's pallbearers, entered his ninetieth year the 1st of April. His friend and brother Confederate officer, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, tells me that the other day he received a letter, written in a firm hand, from the sage of Glen Lily, who was apparently enjoying his usual vigor of mind.

Besides him, there survive only three civil war officers who commanded army corps by assignment of their President. They are Maj. Gens. Grenville M. Dodge, Daniel E. Sickles and James Harrison Wilson, all of the Union side.

* * *

Of these, Gen. Dodge has the honor of being the last surviving army commander of the war, for he was given command of the Department and Army of the Missouri in 1864, when he was only thirty-three. After the war he had directive charge of the building of the Union Pacific railway, managed many other great engineering enterprises and served in Congress. At his home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, he celebrated his eighty-first birthday April 12.

Gen. Sickles' eighty-seventh birthday will come around in October. He enjoys the distinction of being the senior surviving official of the federal government, having been in the diplomatic service under Pierce and having served in Congress throughout Buchanan's administration. In the house which he has occupied almost since the war he lives in New York city, which is also the home of the only other American who sat in Congress before the war—the Confederate brigadier general, Roger A. Pryor, who will be eighty-four during the coming summer.

The seventy-fifth milestone of Maj. Gen. Wilson will be passed September 2. He was a major general also in the Spanish war, and was in command of the allied American and British troops which captured Peking during the Boxer troubles.

There survive also four Union generals who in the civil war were corps commanders by virtue of their presence in the field of operations. These are Peter J. Osterhaus and Julius H. Stahel, who were major generals during the war; David McMurtrie Gregg and Nelson A. Miles, who were brigadier generals at the time of Lee's surrender.

Osterhaus entered his ninetieth year last January. Since he finished his eleven years' service as our consul at Lyons, under Johnson and Grant, he has remained in his native Germany, at Mannheim. Seven years ago Congress expressed the nation's gratitude to this old soldier by placing him on the retired list of the regular army, with the rank of brigadier general. Gen. Stahel, a native of Hungary, who before our war had fought for his native independence under Kossuth, lives in New York, and will enter upon his eighty-eighth year of old bachelorhood in November. He served in the consular service after the war. Gen. Miles will be seventy-three in August. He is a retired lieutenant general of regulars and is a striking figure in the social life of Washington. Gen. Gregg, who also served in the consular service after the war, entered his eightieth year in April and lives in Reading, Pa.

* * *

The five surviving Confederate major generals are R. F. Hoke of Raleigh, N. C., late president of the Seaboard Air Line, who is seventy-five; George Washington Custis Lee, president emeritus of Washington and Lee University, who is seventy-nine; Lunsford L. Lomax, one of the commissioners of the Gettysburg Park, who is seventy-six; William T. Martin of Natchez, Miss., now in his ninetieth year, and Count Camille Jules Polignac, who is eighty.

Count Polignac, like Gen. Osterhaus, returned to Europe after the war. He came to America from his native France at the outbreak of that struggle and after the surrender fought with his French kinsmen against the Prussians; then led an expedition to Algiers. He married an Austrian countess and, besides his chateau outside of Paris, owns a mansion in that metropolis, another in London and an estate in Podwein, Austria, his present home.

Of these surviving heroes of our war of wars Maj. Gen. Osterhaus is the eldest. The greatest age thus far attained by a general of the civil war was that of Gen. Sheridan's father-in-law, Brig. Gen. Daniel H. Rucker, who in 1910 died in his ninety-eighth year. He was born before the outbreak of the war of 1812, and lived under the administrations of all of our presidents save the first three.

Inasmuch as our civil war officers were of a class older than the men in the ranks, it is improbable that a sword will rest upon the coffin of the last survivor of that bitter struggle.

THE HUMBLE BEGINNING OF MANY GREAT ENGLISH FAMILIES.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, May 16, 1912.

RECENT political tendencies in England have drawn attention to the fact—which is often lost sight of—that blue blood was not always blue; that some of the proudest families in this country have their origin in lowly ancestry; that, as Cobden once said, "the British aristocracy was cradled behind city counters." Dukes, marquises, viscounts, earls and

MARQUIS OF LINCOLNSHIRE,
Who, although his name is Carrington—thanks to an ancestor who liked it better than Smith—is descended from plain John Smith, a Nottingham draper.

baronets, although they do not always like to be reminded of the fact, are linked with humble farmers, small tradesmen and ambitious, but flat-pursed apprentices.

No better case in point could be found than that of the Duke of Northumberland. The head of the proud family of Percy, the second largest land owner in Great Britain, and one of its richest men, who counts himself of equal birth with the kings of the world, is one of the few remaining specimens of the old British aristocracy which is so rapidly disappearing before the irresistible march of modern democracy. The old feudal system is to his grace as real and as living today as in the days of his ancestors, one of whom chummed with William the Conqueror. In these days, when events move so rapidly in England and the nation has little time to waste with men of the duke's stamp, he is chiefly known to fame as a doughty fighter for what he believes to be his rights.

* * *

Yet this proud and haughty man numbers among his direct ancestors such humble personages as William le Smythesonne, farmer; William Smitheson, farmer; Ralph Smithson, tenant farmer, and Anthony Smithson, yeoman. A son of the latter, Hugh Smithson, came to London and found a job in a haberdashery, made a fortune and was created a baronet. Four generations later another Hugh Smithson wooed and won Lady Elizabeth Seymour and with her the Percy name and estates. Later he was created the first Duke of Northumberland. Had the original Hugh Smithson stuck to the farmer life of his ancestors and not come to London to retail hats and cravats, starched shirts and stiff collars, his descendant in these days probably would be plowing his modest two-acre farm instead of lording it over half a dozen of the finest castles in the country and close upon a million acres of the finest English land.

The present Duke of Leeds is passionately fond of the sea. Most of his time is spent cruising about the world on his palatial yacht. One wonders if his fondness for the water has any relationship to the circumstances surrounding his lowly ancestor who founded the fortunes of the ducal house of Leeds. Edward Osborne came to London from a Kentish village to serve his apprenticeship in the Philpot lane establishment of William Hewitt, merchant.

* * *

Shortly after Osborne joined the establishment the business was transferred to larger quarters on London bridge—not the present structure, it need hardly be said, but the one famous in song and game as being in imminent danger of falling. One day while Anne, the fair

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
Head of the great family of Percy and the second largest land owner in England, descended from a farmer boy who came to London and found a job in a haberdashery.

daughter of Hewitt, was hanging her bird cage out of the window she lost her balance and toppled into the swiftly running Thames. Osborne was near at hand and, kicking off his shoes, he jumped to the rescue of his master's daughter. Anne was saved and the two were wed, Osborne succeeded his father-in-law, became immensely wealthy and was elected lord mayor of London. His son was knighted, his grandson became a baronet and his great-grandson a baron, viscount, earl, marquis and the first Duke of Leeds. Thus but two generations separated the Kentish apprentice and the wearer of the strawberry leaves.

No less than three peers—Earl Cromer, the architect of modern Egypt; Baron Revelstoke, one of England's greatest bankers, and a governor of the Bank of England, and Earl Northbrook—are descended from one John Baring, a son of a Bremen parson, who started in business as a cloth manufacturer on the outskirts of Exeter. One of his sons was raised to a baronetcy by William Pitt and a second entered the peerage as Baron Ashburton, raked in a pot of American dollars by marrying the daughter of Senator Bingham of Philadelphia, became so powerful in the banking world that the Duc de Richelieu once called him "one of the six great powers of Europe," the other five being England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia. One of the grandsons of the Baring who received a baronetcy was created Baron Northbrook, and his successor raised it to an earldom, another grandson became Baron Revelstoke and a third Lord Cromer.

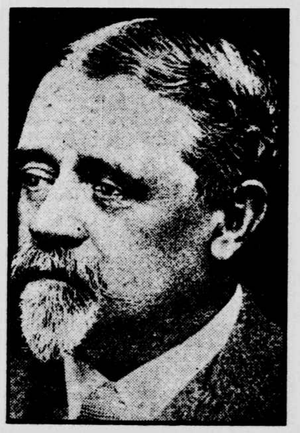
* * *

When the daughters of the fabulously rich erstwhile American Bradley Martin married the Earl of Craven she no doubt imagined that she was allying her plebeian American house with some of the bluest blood in England. Nothing could be more removed from the truth. Up to a few years ago a visitor to the Yorkshire village of Appletrewick might have seen a single-story hovel which housed the founder of the fortunes of the proud Cravens.

Only three generations separate the young Craven who came to London from the humble cottage and the present noble earl, captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, in personal attendance upon an English king, the possessor of untold American dollars, and the owner of one of the finest mansions in Mayfair. William Craven, the son of a husbandman, came to London in a carrier's cart with little or no money in his pockets. Before he died he became lord mayor of the world's greatest city. His eldest son won fame as a soldier, became the intimate friend of his king, and was created, in turn, Baron, Viscount and Earl of Craven.

No more distinguished family exists in England today than that of Ripon. The present holder of the title, to be sure, is chiefly known to the public as one of the finest game shots in the world, but his father, who died at a great age three years ago, established a record as a cabinet office holder that future British politicians will find it hard to equal.

For fifty years he held a job in every liberal government with a single exception. The exception can be understood when it is known that during Mr. Gladstone's second term as premier the Marquis of Ripon was governing India. There was hardly a position in the British cabinet that he did not fill at one time or another. He was secretary of state for



MARQUIS OF RIPON,
Descended from humble tradesmen of York named Robinson, who were shrewd enough to marry into many of the leading families of the north of England.

war twice, for the colonies twice and president of the council a couple of times. He was secretary of state for India, lord of the admiralty and lord privy seal. He became such a fixture in public life that the liberal leaders hated to break with him and from force of habit included him in their governments. Only death, at the age of eighty-three, broke his firm hold on office.

Yet this great peer was descended from humble Yorkshire tradesmen by the familiar name of Robinson, who became established in York. They were a shrewd family, however, and almost without exception added to their fortunes or watered their red blood with blue by alliances with many of the oldest families in the north of England. Ultimately the strain became a power in the land, and between the present holder of the marquisate of Ripon and the lowly Robinsons of York are interposed five cabinet ministers, one of whom was premier of Great Britain.

One would imagine that nothing could be more plebeian than the name of Smith. It is inevitably associated with "trade," of which the British aristocracy expresses such a horror. Yet the descendant of John Smith who sold tapes and buttons and dress materials to the women of Nottingham is the Marquis of Lincolnshire. John Smith never dreamed of the brilliant future of his descendants and died a humble draper, but future Smiths had other ideas and became bankers and politicians. George III, the king who lost America by his obstinacy, broke one of his rules of official life never to raise a man of trade to the peerage and made the Robert Smith of his time into Baron Carrington. The successor of this first baron thought Carrington much more aristocratic sounding than Smith, and dropped the latter entirely. So it is that one finds it hard to recognize in the present representative of the family, Charles Robert Wynn Carrington, Marquis of Lincolnshire, Knight of the Garter, privy councilor, Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, the lineal descendant of plain John Smith of Nottingham.

The present Earl of Dudley is one of the richest of England's peers. He owns 30,000 acres of the most valuable land in the country, much of it rich in minerals. His brother, the Hon. John Ward, married Jean Reid, daughter of Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador to England. The alliance between this American girl and the Hon. John was spoken of at the time as a splendid match because of the Englishman's connection with the noble house of Dudley. Yet the founder of the Dudleys was William Ward, the son of a poor Staffordshire family, who was apprenticed to a London goldsmith and ultimately made a large fortune as a jeweler.

* * *

So fearful are many of the greatest families in England that their pedigree will be tainted by contact with plebeian ancestors that they have manufactured family trees that really have little resemblance to the truth. And when the families have not done so, overzealous genealogists have supplied the omission. For instance, whenever the rich Fitzwilliams come into the news the English papers fall all over themselves to tell of the antique scarf, one of the family heirlooms, which is said to have been presented to a direct ancestor of the present earl by William the Conqueror. Yet the Sir William Fitzwilliam who is said to have received the scarf has no place in history and is declared by real experts to be a pure fake.

In this respect the ducal house of Westminster is one of the greatest offenders. The Grosvenors are traced back to a Norman family that flourished as long ago as the year 912, and it is declared that the patriarch of the house was an uncle of Rollo, the famous Dane. As a matter of fact the Grosvenors cannot with reason trace their line back further than to a certain Richard de Grosvenor, who lived in England a full century after the conquest, and, in the words of an English writer, "had no more traceable connection with Rollo than with the man in the moon."

EARL OF DUDLEY,
One of the richest of English peers, whose brother, the Hon. John Ward, married Jean Reid, daughter of Whitelaw Reid. The Wards are descended from a poor goldsmith's apprentice who eventually made a large fortune as a jeweler.

The Average Count.

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY of Texas, apropos of a Galveston heiress' marriage to a count, said with a smile:

"It is stated that this is a love match, but I have my doubts; for my experience is that the average count won't touch the bonds of matrimony unless they are gilt edged."